A FAMOUS WAR SONG

A DRAMATIC WAR ROMANCE.

A Tragic Sequel to the First Battle of Bull Run-Maj. Fontaine, the Confederate Poet Scout-On Picket Duty Up the Potomac There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed, Far away in the cot on the mountain. Interesting Correspondence



rought to the surface by the throes of the civil war was Maj. Lamar Fontaine, & famous scout and fighter in the confed
and scout and fighter in the confed
and scatters his sun close up to its piace.

As if to keep down the heart-swelling. erate army. He acted as scout for Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, R. E. Lee, R. S. Ewell and Joe E. Johnson. He is also celethor of a popular war son ;

He was and still is a Mississippian. He it was who, in May, 1863, undertook the seemingly foolhardy, but, nevertheless, successful, explost of carrying a supply of 40,000 musket caps from the confederate general Loring's headquarters at Jackson, Miss., through the Union lines to beleaguered Gen. Pemberton in Vicksburg, when that commander was out of caps. and, consequently, could not fire a gen; a condition of things which had Grant known of would have hastened the fall of that strong-A NOTED SCOUT.

In that expedition Fontaine had horses shot under him and any quantity of bullets fired at him, making numerous holes in his clothes and equipage, besides meeting other frightful dan-gers. It was, altogether, a terrible experience. He is the hero of twenty-seven hard-fought battles, and came out of the war minus a leg and bearing other evidences of his army experiences. He is still a resident of his native state, where, at the age of sixty-one, he works hard daily at his proession of surveyor and civil engineer.

Another thing for which he is celebrated is

as the author—the real author—of the popular war seng, "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight." To be sure, that fact has been disputed, but I notice in a book of war songs lately published he is given the credit which to him rightfully belongs. But it is not my purpose to go into the dis-

cussion of a question in which the public is little, if any, interested. What I do care for is the deeply interesting narrative of a war-tim episode in connection with the poem, as told in his recent correspondence with me. And ON THE POTOMAC.

It appears that not long after the first battle of

Bull Run, in which Fontaine, as a private in company K-the Burt Rifles-eighteenth Mississippi regiment, took part, he was trans ferred to the second Virginia cavalry, and at the time of which this narrative treats was doing picket duty just above the head of an island near the Seneca Falls on the Potomac. This was in August, 1861, one month after Bull Run. So many of the confederates had gone home on furlough that the picket lines thin, being stretched over a vast extent of river front, and what few men, comparatively, were on the front had to do double duty.



It was here that Fontaine and another pr vate named Moore formed a close friendship.

Moore was a married man and fairly idolized
his wife and their two beautiful young children. Moore and Fontaine were almost constantly together, whether on picket or guard duty. They clung to each other. They bought little hand books of poems—Byron, Burns and others—and together they would sit in the cool shade of trees or hanging rocks that lined the Potomac above the Falls of Seneca and read aloud to each other passages from their favor

ets on either side of the waters, federal and confederate, had come to an understanding and agreement that there should be no firing at each other while on picket duty. And but for a treacherous violation of this contract by a federal soldier the incident herewith related would not have uld not have occurred and "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight' would never have been written. I give the story in Fontaine's own

ON PICKET DUTY. "We had to stand on a post six hours at time. That night I took my stand at 6 o'clock.

and Moore retired to rest. The nights were chilly and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by and a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit or a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit on and rest at times after walking my beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face when the dread monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to sleep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived I stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots and roused Moore to take my place.

"He rose slowly, picked up his gun, stepped to the fire and stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned, and while his arms were extended and his hand grasping the barrel of his gun there was a flash across the river and the whiz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark crimson tide. Not a word, not a groan escaped him.
"I removed his remains from near the fire where he had failen. And as I did so my eyes

fell on the telegraphic column of a newspaper, and it was headed 'Ali Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight. And, oh, how truthful it was! It was certainly all quiet with me and with him whom I loved as a brother.

"I could not help shedding a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife and his children and to the falsehood told by those whose guest I had been and whose treachery had caused his death and those treachery

had caused his death, and they grew bitter and a demon of vengeance arose in my heart which was not stilled until the white dove of peace had spread her snowy pinions over the whole face of the land, and the bombshell rolled across the sward the plaything of

"When morning dawned the words of that they were not such as to deprive him of the honor of originality in projecting an enterprise which demanded those extraordinary elements of character which he possessed—persistency, enthusiasm and undaunted bravery—for its accomplishment. The northern voyagers, who seem to have been coasting in the northwestern seas some five centuries before Columbus—are said to have had a genius for discovering new countries by accident, as in the instances of Iceland and Greenland, which latter country they held some 400 years. The Scandinewspaper were burned in my brain. They rang in my ears and were painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together—his letters, sword, hat and all—and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his markles from any deved one in the unhis marble face and glazed eyes, in the un-broken silence of my lonely watch. I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I senned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Orderly Sergeant W. W. Williamson, who was a fine critic, and Lieuts. Graham and Descrite of my

Depritt of my company, and Williamson sug gested that if I would only make it more pa netic instead of sarcastic it would take better "I did so and on the 9th of August I had it complete as the poem now stands, and I read my messmates and received their highest commendations. I gave them copies of the original and they recopied and sent them home, soon the whole regiment, brigade, division

and army were in possession of it.

"My father, whom I met shortly after the completion of it, suggested that instead of 'stray picket' I ought to say 'lone picket'. But I did not alter it. The ladies of Leesburg, in Loudoun county, Va., put the words to music and used to sing them for us long before they were printed. I gave one copy to a Miss Eva Lee and one to a Miss Hemstone; also a copy to John M. Orr, who at the time was mayor of the term. I gave copies to many others whose

names I cannot recail. The following is a copy ORIGINAL PORM.

His musket falls back—and his face dark and grim

Grows centle with memories tender.

And he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may heaven defend her:

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;

Hark! was it the night wind rustled the leaves?

No sound save the rush of the giver; While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead— That picket's off duty forever!

Upward of thirty years have elapsed since

the scene was enacted which inspired the poem, and this soldier-poet, this whilom cham-

pion of a "lost cause," touchingly writes me that "the glory he fought for has faded; that

and has no enmity in his heart, but loves the soldiers who wore the bine and fought to main-

THEIR MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.

A Nebraska Widow and a Wyoming Ranch

oin Letter to Omaha World-Herald.

man Join Hearts Sight Unseen.

Mrs. Mary M. Stevens of Lincoln was married

the first of the week at Grand Island to Nelson

Wetson of Cheyenne. The marriage was the

outcome of a strange correspondence. A friend

of Mrs. Stevens is in the employ of Nelson in

Cheyenne, and suggested to him one evening

that he knew of a woman who would make him

an excellent wife. Nelson agreed if the fair

creature should prove acceptable and could be

won to marry her. He immediately wrote to

Mrs. Stevens, setting forth that he was the

owner of a large and paying ranch, was well off

in the world and wanted some one to share his

lot and help eat his potatoes. The lady was

not averse to embarking in the matrimonial

sea for a second time, and agreed that if every-

She was fully satisfied on these points and they immediately considered themselves engaged. Business interests prevented Nelson leaving home long enough to come to Lincoln and he did not be the transfer of the come to Lincoln

and he did not wish to be so ungallant as to compel his betrothed to go to him, so they compromised and agreed to meet at Grand Island. Monday Mrs. Stevens left for Grand

Island, where the couple met for the first time.

bride, in which she says that he is just glorious

Hypnotism and Humbug.

proceedings by which Sarchas, the faithful companion of Apollonius, gave sight to the and, movement to the paralyzed, hearing to

Early American Explorers.

But centuries prior to the Columbian epoch

ocean. The Northmen were certainly on the

Island of Cape Breton, as the Norse names

show: they were cruising about like corsairs

visited Mexico, but nothing of importance is related of him. A diligent student of the sub-

their Eddas and Sagas, thus writes: "Prof.

Rafn, in "Antiquitates Americane," gives no-tices of numerous Icelandic voyages to Ameri-

land is referred to, not as a matter of specula-tion merely, but as something perfectly well known. Let us remember that in vindicating

the Northmen we honor those who not only give us the first knowledge possessed of the American continent, but to whom we are in-debted besides for much that we esteemed

valuable. This is emphasized by the fact that Columbus had no direct idea of seeking an un-

known western continent, his avowed pur-

pose having been to find a northwest passage to India. Columbus was, doubtless, not only acquainted

copy of a rare work, which exhibits the exact

condition of geographical science at that time; it is the "Cosmographia" of Ptolemy, printed at Rome in 1478. It is at this time, especially,

a work of peculiar interest, when everything pertaining to the story of the discovery of

America is engaging so largely the popular attention; since Columbus, undoubtedly, must have known of its existence and availed bimself

of its aid while cherishing his great enterprise.

But, judging by the standard it presents of
the maritime knowledge and skill of that time,
they were not such as to deprive him of the

try they held some 400 years. The Scandi-navians were accustomed to regard as their historians their Skalds, and were fond of listen-

ing to their poems and the legends of their Sagamen. Collections of these ancient relic

an efficient substitute for better known mate-

rials. According to Herren Lubbert and

have to withstand the action of water at its

Hypnotism, which is now the subject of much

and too sweet for anything.

thing was as represented and the man was of good moral character she would assent.

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by! And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then.
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were piedeed, to be ever unbroken.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except here and there a stray picket
is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket." THE COMPLEX MYSTERY OF VIGO SQUARE. "Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then, Wall not count in the news of the battle; Not an officer lost—only one of the men— Mounting out, all alone, the death rattle.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY All quiet along the Potomac tonight, Where the soldiers he reacefully dreamin Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn Or in the light of their camp fires gleamin JAMES PAYN. A tremulous sigh as a gentle night wind

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BELLAMY



R. PULLEN WAS rich man. He had made is money in California with his own hands, a circumstance which had caused him to be excluded from the sensitive "society" of his

welcomed Mr. Pullen because he was a hospitable fellow, and Mrs. Pullen because she was good natured and took so kindly to the prosperity that had befallen her. If it had been told by any mischievous person that Mr. Pullen had been a practical miner it would probably have said that it was an argument in he cares nothing for what is in the eternal past favor of early marriages, and if it had known

better would not have cared.

Indeed, though their old neighbors may have "fought shy" of this excellent couple, we acknowledged their merits, and had no objection. so long as it was at home, to cultivate, or at all events make use of their acquaintance. Hence it happened that when I got my first clerkship at Messrs. Bullion & Ingots I got an introduc-tion from my people to the Pullens in London. We believed—and they even believed them-selves—that they were in London, but the fact was that though their residence could hardly be called suburban, they were not quite in what is humorously termed "the village." They were a good way off from my lodging in King street, St. James, and I did not often take advantage of their hospitality, though it was generously tendered. The people one met at their dinner table were like themselves, middle aged, and not much to my youthful mind. I think they were financial people with whom Mr. Pullen had had commercial relations, and they talked of matters I did not understand. If there had been daughters in the family it would doubtless have been different, and I should have joined the lawn tennis parties I often saw playing in the public gardens at the back of Vigo square, but there were no young eople to attract me. Moreover, I must honestly add there was another reason which disinclined me to much intimacy with the Pullens, or rather another

cause, for it could hardly be called a reason; was Bellamy, their butler. To those who have not read David Copperfield, it may seem ncredible that any young gentleman should be made uncomfortable by somebody else's butler. But then I was very young, and Bellamy made me know it. He was solemn, sedate and intensely respectable. One has heard of butlers who look like bishops, but this one looked like an arcubishop. He had been recommended to the Fullens on their arrival in town Island, where the couple lact they had secured a bar-gain and were made one at once. Yesterday a letter was received in this city from the happy and been with them ever since. Mrs. Pullen once described him to me as a perfect treasure, but I think she was secretly afraid of him, and I am quite sure her husband was, though he tried to persuade himself that he was actuated by love and not fear. On our first acquaintintelligent and well-directed modern research, and is also, unfortunately, the plaything of a class of wandering stage performers, is the lineal descendant of many ancient beliefs. It was known to the earliest races of Asia and among the Persian magi: and to this day the yogis and fakirs of India throw themselves into a state of hypnotic ecstasy and reverie by fixation of the gaze. In many convents of the tion of the gaze. In many convents of the as it were with a pastoral staff. There was an Greek church it has been practiced since the unctuous dignity about him which would have Greek church it has been practiced since the eleventh century, as it is still by the Omphalopsychics, with whom hypnotic reverie is obtained by steadily gazing at the umbilicus.

In many convents of the gaze. In many convents of the method of the gaze. In many convents of the wineglass less than other people. It may have been an accident, but I firmly believed it to be a hint not to mix my liquors; and once when I the antics of the demoniacs and the possessed, the expulsion of evil spirits by exorcism, the healing of the king's evil by laying on of hands, looked in at luncheon time he omitted to give me a napkin, as though I were not an adult. the serious acceptance and judicial punishment of the hallucinations of the witches and the fantastic cruelty of the witch finders. The "a cause," as old Burton calls it, why my visite to the Pullens were so few and far between. It was with some feeling of penitence and remorse indeed that after a very long interval I started one September afternoon to call in the deaf and reason to the insane were essen-tially methods of what we should now call "suggestion," and the application of the insuggestion, and the application of the influence of suggestion to persons in the most
various mental and physical states, whether of
health or disease, will serve to throw light on
some of the most tragic, blood-stained, picturesque and incredible pages of history, as well
as on a multitude of stage tricks and quack
procedures, which are just now, as they have
been at frequent intervals during the last century, much in vogue.

The distriction of the inmy choice of hospitalities. A good dinner at
old l'ulien's, even though Bellamy might reproach me from the sideboard with my youth
and inexperience, was better than dining alone
at a restaurant, for club I had none.

Imagine, then, how my conscience smote me
when I drew nigh that hospitable door to find
a hearse and a couple of mourning carriages.

a hearse and a couple of mourning carriages before it! Either poor Pullen or his wife (for, as I have said, they had no family) were evidently about to be taken to their long he brought out, and after it was borne away ! brought out, and after it was borne away is saw Bellamy in the portico deeply but respectably affected, and waving a farewell blessing to the lamented remains. I was not more uncharitable than most men of my age (with the charitable than most men of my age they the Scandinavian voyagers, it is well known, coasted along the shores of the northwestern whom cynicism is only popular because they think it a sign of maturity), but the reflection did strike me that I had never seen a more hypocritical looking scoundrel in my life. As from A. D. 1000 to 1347. In the fifth century the Chinese sent forth a Buddhist monk or mis-sionary named Hoci-Shin, who, it is believed, to asking him any question in connection with the mournful occasion it never entered my mind to do so; it would have seemed a wrong to the memory of either host or hostess, and I came away without knowing which of them ject of Scandinavian discovery, as given in

had departed, though with sincere sorrow for the event itself. the event itself.

In the papers I could find nothing about it, and we had no common friends, so there was nothing for it but to wait a decent interval and then call with "kind inquiries." This dutiful attention was put a stop to in a very unexpected manner in a fortnight afterward by my meeting Pullen himself in the city. "It must have been his poor wife, then," was my first thought, and yet, though he looked less beaming than usual, he was scarcely so cast down as a devoted-husband who had so recently become a widower ought to have been, and moreover he was not in mourning. On cently become a widower ought to have been, and moreover he was not in mourning. On catching sight of me he smiled rather feebly (or, as I thought, coldly, as well he might, considering my long neglect of him), and exclaimed: "Why, you are quite a stranger. How long is it since you were at Vigo square?"

It was really more than three months since I had crossed his threshold, but I had been to the square, as I have said, and I thought it heat to rest my excuses at once upon a solid best to rest my excuses at once upon a solid

Columbus was, doubtless, not only acquainted with the results attained by these northern explorers, for he made excursions with them, and also visited Iceland in the year 1477. It is therefore more than probable that he became fully acquainted with the then status of geographical knowledge. It is proper here to mention that there is in the Astor library a basis.
"The fact is, my dear Mr. Pullen, I did get last month so far as your house, but under the circumstances—it was on the 18th" (he would "I did not, of course, go in."
"And why should you not have gone in?" he inquired airily. "Glad to see you, I am sure, at any time."

"But on so melancholy an occasion -"But on so melancholy an occasion—a domestic calamity, my dear sir."

"What the deuce do you mean? I have had no domestic calamity."

I thought this very cruel, and, indeed, brutal of old Pullen, for his wife had been a very nice person, and he had always seemed to be very fond of her.

"Well, I don't know what you call it, but I saw the hearse standing at your door and the

saw the hearse standing at your door and the body brought out and put into it."

"You did, did you?" he said, looking very grave and earnest. "You saw that at my house, id you?"
"Most certainly I did." "Most certainly I did."
"Indeed?" He looked very thoughtful and depressed, like one who has received worse news than he is prepared for. "Well, my young friend, be so good as not to say anything about it till you hear from me." He shook my band with nervous energy and hurried away.

I had wronged the old rellow. It was evident that so far from heing unmored by the the classic.

that so far from being unmoved by the calamity that had befallen him it had unhinged his mind. Otherwise he could never have doubted what I had told him of the 18th of September and begged me, almost in the same breath, to Roscher it cannot be used for articles which keep the matter a secret.

CHAPTER IL.

MY PRIEND BAXTER'S PUZZELE. ng the acquaintances which I had made actor. That deficiency was fatal, of course; and it seemed a pity, because he was ambitious

three-fourths enough, we will say, to command success on the stage, but, alas! the missing quarter consisted of mimetic ability, and of that he had not a particle. He roomed next to me, and we became somewhat intimate. He stold me of his arduous practice as an amateur actor, and how the injudicious applause of his friends had befooled him into the belief that a great professional career was possible to him. The might, indeed. "But you did not call, did you not?" she added in a more forgiving tone, and looking at his fine personal appearance and looking at his fine personal appearance and bearing, I could readily understand why his application for the employment had been successful, in spite of the fact that he was a novice. But his suitable aspect had not availed him much, in the absence of all facility in acting and the had decreased for the fact that he was a great professional career was possible to him.

"What a long time it is cince we have seen h novice. But his suitable aspect had not availed him much, in the absence of all facility in act-ing, and he had dropped, after one week of fruitless endeavor to improve his porformance, down into assignments to "utility" parts. For this comparatively ignoble service he received only £3 a week. He was living snugly, nines and had come to
London to spend it. He
had worked the pick
mith bis own hands.

Only week. He was nine garden.

It was nine garde ristocratic air was unimpaired.

"It was while in a state of dejection, old fel-

low," said Frank to me one day, "that I made up my mind to become a rascal—a fortune hunter—a what you call in America 'confidence man.' Oh! I did, indeed. Of course I can urge country. But London that it was a sudden and powerful temptation that I yielded to, but the fact that I did yield stands against me. This is the way it happened: matters. It takes people, both in a good and an ill sense, for what they are worth, and asks no questions about either their relatives or their antecedents. It young lady who played a piano accompaniment to my feeble songs was a Miss Pullen—a Miss Polly Pullen. Do you know her?"

An exclamation of surprise on my part had caused Frank to ask the question. The name of Pullen had caught my ear on account of my acquaintance with the Pullens of Vigo square, but, as I knew that they had no daughter and had no relatives in England, I concluded at once that I didn't, and couldn't, know a Miss Pullen.

"It's your misfortune that you don't know her," Frank resumed, "and it is my misfortune that I do. Listen. She was the gentlest, sweethat I

est, loveliest creature you can imagine. I try

think it was partly love at first sight and not altogether diabolical scoundrelism that made me deceive her. Yes, I did deceive her. This s the way it came to pass: She overheard someoody utter the name of Count D'Arcey. You've heard of him? The French nobleman who heard of him? The French nobleman who would be wealthy if he could cash up his ancestral richness of lineage, perhaps, who is poor of pocket because no such financial operation is possible. However, he has relatives with fortunes, and I believe they make a sufficient allowance to him to enable him to live in idleness. Now, by some accident, Miss better the country of the country By a strange sequence to that accident she was led to believe that I was Count D'Arcey. Now, my dear boy, I ask you to believe that I had at the time no deliberate intention to profit by the mistake further than to bask temporarily in the sunshine of that dear girls smile. I only knew her on that occasion as Miss Martin, an American, and I assumed that she was a guest. But before the evening was over she told me that she was a paid entertainer. I shouldn't have known it for her tainer. I shouldn't have known it, for he piano playing and her singing, athough pretty good, were no better than one comes across in drawing rooms often. Why, oh, why, was I not correspondingly frank? Why didn't I tell her that I was only Frank Baxter, a no-account actor, earning a fee of £3? Because I was in love with her and I feared that to tell her the truth would disenchant her. So I let her go on under the misapprehension that I was Count D'Arcey. When we bade each other good night I sudaciously begged the privilege of further acquaintance. What was the use of being a Count D'Arcey if I wasn't to obtrude myself on a pretty professional vocalist when I chose to? But she repulsed my advances kindly but firmly. She wouldn't give me her address and she decreased address and she deprecated any informality precipitancy of acquaintance. At length, being persistently pressed, she admitted that she

ertain afternoon a week later. "Did you meet her there?" I asked of Frank.
"Do two and two make four?" he responded.
"In this case," said I, "probably one and one

"I thought it would, and it did," said Frank ruefully, "but I went to the picture show and soon came across Miss Pullen. She was accompanied by her mother, who neither frowned nor smiled on our renewal of acquaintance, which ripened rapidly, I assure you. Why, Polly and I were lovers at once. We looked at in Vigo square."
"Frank Baxter," I interrupted, "what are you saying? I know the Pullens

"And what are they?" "A milionaire family from America."
"So I soon learned. I was astonished when I paid my first visit to find myself in a luxurious residence. Then, seeing curiosity depicted in my face, Polly explained that she wasn't a professional single-ranks had she

morse indeed that after a very long interval I started one September afternoon to call in Vigo square. I knew I ought to have done so any time within the last two months, and also any time within the last two months, and also "I never heard of a daughter," I insisted, "I never heard of a daughter," I insisted, "I never heard of a daughter," I insisted,

but Frank described the house unmistakably. He said that Mr. Pullen had gone on a trip to the continent, leaving his wife and daughter in the charge of a trusty butler. I exclaimed, "Relland". "Bellamy!"
"Bellamy," my friend schoed. "Yes-an im

pressive creature. Why, one day I found him instructing the ladies. Yes—actually—he stood before Mrs. and Miss Pullen, who sat almost meckly in their chairs, and was delivering some-thing that, judging by the few words I heard, was a lecture on American pronunciation and manners. Of course he stopped instantly I entered and all three seemed a bit flustered.

Impulsively I grasped Frank's hand and hook it warmly. But I don't deserve to hold an honest hand. "But I don't deserve to hold an honest hand, old man," he said. "I never confessed to Polly that I wasn't any Count D'Arcey—that I was an impostor. I went on with a rapid courtship, and in a week we were engaged to be married. I suggested an immediate wedding; she assented. It was to have been a private, quiet affair. Bellamy managed it. We were not even to wait until Mr. Pullen returned. A brief ceremony at the house was to have been folceremony at the house was to have been fol-fowed by a short visit to Paris. You're going to ask how I expected to escape an exposure of my talse pretense. I didn't know. All was a whisk and a whirl. I loved Polly madly. I loved her fortune, too—no use denying that. Really, I believe it was Bellamy that precipi-tated things. Poor Mrs. Pullen! She seemed tated things. Poor Mrs. Pullen! She seemed to be clay molded by his hands. Ah! she is clay now indeed. She's dead."

clay now indeed. She's dead."
"Dead!" I ejaculated, and then I added:
"Yes," I know. I happened to see her brought
out of the house in a coffin."
"She died very suddenly," Frank continued.
"A quiet funeral was held. Bellamy managed
that, too. Did Mr. Pullen seem deeply

"He wasn't there."

"Didn't even come home to attend his wife's funeral? The hard-hearted old stone!"

"Bellamy got a telegram from Mr. Pullen, I believe, teiling him not to delay the burnal—that he couldn't possibly come. Of course that struck me as odd. But I had something else to think of. Polly was grief stricken. After the funeral she pressed a sealed letter into my hand and, between sobs, conjured me not to open it until I had reached my own lodging. Here it is."

Frank showed me the note, which read as follows: "We cannot marry. I have not the

Frank showed me the note, which read as len, an American heiross?"

"She wasn't a lady," he retorted, falling into the trap I had set for him. Frank took the missive back from me, kissed it tenderly, and said: "Of course she had discovered the truth about me somehow. Oh, Jeremy Diddler that I am! I deserved to lose

"Did you never go to Vigo square again?"
"To what purpose? No, I submit to my punishment. That's all."

CHAPTER III.

THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. PULLEN.

It was only the next day after I heard Frank Baxter's narrative, and a week after my street meeting with Mr. Pullen, that the millionaire invited me to dine in Vigo square. I accepted the invitation out of pity for the lonely widower-he had written, "You will excuse there being no other guest"-more than from natural inclination; the house had never been very

ural inclination; the house had never been very attractive to me, and without its kindly hostess I felt it would be less so than ever.

But if dinners in Vigo square had been rather dull it was fated that this one should restore the average in the way of sensation. In the first place it was rather a shock, though an agreeable one, to have the door opened for me by a strange man servant. For the life of me, being so young and emotional, I could not help saying. "Why, where is Bellamy?" To which the man replied with polite regret, "I have only been here a few days, sir, and don't know the gentleman." It seemed so strange that anybody should have been in that house, if only for a few minutes, and not have more in the gareeable, but much more violent, awaited met me in the person of Mrs. Pullen, alive and

relative upon that fatal day.

It was a great relief to me when Pullen joined us. He looked graver than usual, but not so distressed as when I had last seen him, and I noticed that he was more affectionate to his wife even than usual, as though she were in need of moral support. We three sat down to an excellent dinner (where I had my proper allowance of wineglasses and a napkin), and I enjoyed it all the more that Bellamy was not there to patronize me, and convey his pity for my youth and innocence in his every action, but, of course, I missed him as one misses other things which one does not regret. If a dinner in Vigo square without him was not like Hamlet without the prince, it was at least like Hamlet without the king. His majesty's absence was most discernible. When the desert had been put on the table and the new man withdrawn I could no longer restrain my

"And what," I inquired, "my dear Mrs. Pul-len, has become of your excellent Bellamy?" It was the husband who answered.
"Bellamy was kicked out," said Mr. Pullen and I did it. Mr. Pullen swelled perceptibly with pride at

the mention of his achievement; still, he was a smallish man, while Bellamy was a big one, and I suppose my face expressed surprise as well as delight.

well as delight.

"Don't be hard upon him—I mean upon my husband," said Mrs. Pullen, in a gentle, pleading voice. "His confidence has been misplaced and abused. I know you never liked Bellamy; our sense of loss, the breaking down of our belief in him, will be unintelligible to you." I looked at my three wineglasses, in doubt as o what reply I ought to return; I looked at my

napkin, and felt sure in what direction duty

"My opinion of that man, my dear madam was a very bad one." I said.
"I know it," she answered, quietly; "we should therefore not say anything to you against him now, but that we owe it to you to against him how, but that we owe it to you to tell you all, since it is, thanks to you, that his wrong-doing has been revealed to us." Thanks to me? I was glad to hear it; it seemed a very just sort of "Nemesis" if it happened so,

but I could not conceive how it had happened and I said so.

"Well, my dear husband and I had, as you know, the greatest confidence in Bellamy. We would have intrusted him with untold gold. and, in fact, did intrust him with what was its equivalent, and I am bound to say that we never missed anything—not a silver spoon."

"Then the man was at least honest," I said,

rather disappointed. at an, 'she answered quietly. "He was nest, I am afraid, in small things to conceal his knavery in great ones."

"Risked a sprat to catch a herring," observed ir. Punen, who, so far as proverbs went,

"Yes, he so imposed upon us that when we went abroad this summer we left this house for more than three months entirely in his hands never asked any one to look in to see how mat-ters were going on. The other servants were as much under his control—and, indeed, much more so-as under our own, and we felt quite secure. Everything was forwarded to us with

the greatest regularity."
"A more methodical man I never knew." nterpolated Mr. Pullen. "He even sent us the circulars. Surplusage is no error."

"And when we came back," continued my hostess, "everything looked just as it should be. Bellamy seemed charmed to see us; gave an excellent character of the servants, and had been so economical with the coals that we wondered how it had been managed."
"Well, we might," put in the old gentleman. for there were more coals than when we went

"Good gracious, how could that be?" I inquired. "low, indeed? That was the first thing that excited our suspicions," said Mrs

So it seemed that surplusage was an error. "Somehow of other, I don't know how i Bellamy's friends had been using our house and sleeping in our beds, was it?"

"It certainly was not." I assented; "but why did you not speak to him on the matter?"

"Well, you are, my husband felt it rather a delicate subject to broach—to Bellamy. And he tried to hope for the best, till he met you in the city and you spoke to him of the funeral at our house. There ought not to have been any funeral, you know."

funeral, you know."
"Still, they are things you can't help, and which will occur," I remarked. "Yes, yes; but you don't understand. When you told my husband that he made inquiries of the neighbors. We have always thought it so nice that one's neighbors in London never trouble themselves about one, as they do in the country, but sometimes this works inconve-niently. They had seen the funeral and one or

two of them had even been so good as to pul down their blinds, thinking it was one of as but they had thought no more about it after ward on finding that the house was let."

"The house let? Do you mean that you house was let?"
"Yes, that is just how it was. Bellamy had let it furnished." "All would have been well for poor Bellamy, observed her husband, "but for the misfortune of his tenant—or, as it should have been, our

tenant—dying, as it were, upon his hauds. A circumstance of that kind, in so short a lease never entered into his calculations. There was only just time to bury the woman respectably and get things into proper order before we got home. He must have been very much hurried and put about."

"You have had no scruple about sending him

"You have had no scruple about sending him ts gaol, I do hope," I said. "A man who has abused your confidence so infamously" (I might have added, "and insulted your guest," for I felt it,) "deserves no mercy." Mrs. Pullen held up her hands in horror. "Send him to gao!! Of course we could never that We have hed to that the weeked to the said to the send in the said to the said do that. We have had to part with him. But we should be sorry indeed if his future should

be wrecked by a single act of—of——"
"Miscalculation," murmured her husband.
"Just so. That is why we have invited you,
my dear young friend, here alone, to beg that, my dear young friend, here alone, to beg that, so long as the revelation can do him any injury, you will say nothing to anybody about Bellamy's mis—well, his letting our house for us."

I departed from that dinner in Vigo square without having said a word about Polly Pullen or Frank Baxter or of my determination to constitute myself an amateur detective. All the questions I put to them was "Where is Bellamy?" They did not know. A week of bard work enabled me to find him. He was out pompous dignity.

"Look here, you old humbug," I said, severely, "where's the young lady you imposed upon my friend, Count D'Arcey, as Miss Pulling and the same beings?"

"And she wasn't an heiress." "I'll say nothing about her. I don't know anything. She and her mother were tenants. That's all I know of them." Instantly I realized how poor a detective I

was, for I had not prepared myself to cope with this master of the art of reticence. But I struck out with a sudden thought and hit the "If you didn't incite the young lady to pass herself off for an American heiress," I asked, "how did it happen that the count caught you one day teaching her and her mother how to imitate the American accent?"

Bellamy was struck, as I could see, although the wince was all inside. Success made me pocket a folded mercantile paper that chanced to be there, "I will not serve a warrant for

"An actress in a small way, sir."

My next step was to find Miss Rowsby. Hav-ing done that, I got them together. "Confess to her," I said to Frank, and he "Confess to ner, I had be told her who and what he was.
"Confess to him," I said to Polly, and she told him who and what she was. They dropped simultaneously on their knees to beg pardon. Neither had been enough worse than the other to warrant recrimination, and neither was wicked enough to be unfor-givable. Besides, they were deeply in love. They will marry in a month, and seek their fortunes together on the American stage.

A RACE WITH DEATH

A Naked Maniac's Fatal Run Through To turing Beds of Cactus.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. Early this morning the nude body of a mar was found on the Cahuengs branch of the San Pernando wagon road, about twelve miles from Los Angeles, just south of Burbank and near the Los Angeles river. A number of people soon gathered around the body, and after holding a hurried consultation the remains were covered with pieces of old carpet and sacks and Coroner Weldon was notified. The coroner and his assistant, Ben Gove, burried to the spot and began an investigation. The body was lying in the middle of the

road, and for several hundred yards from the spot where the body was found the dirt was spot where the body was found the dirt was ploughed up, showing that the dead man had fallen down a number of times and had pawed around in the most frantic manner. His last struggle took place when he died, and from the looks of the ground it must have been terrible. The poor wretch had ploughed his head into the ground until it was horribly mashed and his arms and hands were badly bruised and arratched but the strangest part of the thing scratched, but the strangest part of the this is that there were no indications that a seco person was present.

There were no other tracks in the vicinity

than those made by his bare feet, and if he fought with any one the person must have been on horseback. An examination of his limbs showed that he had passed through several beds of cactus, for his legs and body were literally full of cactus thorns, and the blood must have flowed freely from his numerous wound

until death released him.

No one in the neighborhood could identify him. On the way back to the city the coroner him. On the way back to the city the coronal and his assistant stopped every one they met and had them view the face, but no one had and had them view the face, but no one had man before, and unless something is found in his clothing which can be recognized his identity will never be dis-covered. The man is five and a half feet in height and blonde, with a short chin beard and mustaches. He is either a German or Russian Fina and seems to be about forty-five or fifty years of age. He had the appearance of a laboring man in good health. He was powerfully built and had rather a good face.

Shortly after the correspondenced the site had

Shortly after the coroner reached the city he received a message that the man's clothing had been found. The officers at Burbank followed the dead man's tracks about four miles from where his body was found and discovered what at first appeared to be a newly made grave. The dirt was thrown up in the shape of a grave and it had evidently been made only a few nours before. On opening it they found a suit of clothes which evidently belonged to the dead man, but the message did not state whether or not any papers were found by which the man may be identified. He had no tools with which to dig a hole and

must have used his fingers, for the nails are terribly torn and show that he dug the hole like a dog and then placed his clothes in it, in-cluding his hat and shoes. The ground is hard clay, and it must have taken him several hours to dig the grave. He then covered his clothing and rounded up the earth in the form of mound. It is supposed that he did this early in the night and then started out on his wild chase through the cactus patches. He passed through places that would cause a man with thick clotning and heavy boots to shudder and turn back, and it is a wonder that he did not drop with exhaustion and loss of blood and pain

An Old-Time Quaker Marriage.

An old Quaker marriage certificate of nearly It is on parchment, carefully written in ink, and still perfectly legible and well preserved. The back of the certificate bears the record of the births and deaths in the family. The contracting parties were Samuel E. Howell of the first corps of city troops, who fought at the battle of Trenton, and Miss Mary Whitlock Dawes, and the ceremony was performed May 31, 1798. The signatures of the witnesses show the names of prominent persons and the occasion of the manhole in the births and deaths in the family. The course of the witnesses show the covers him, itself waterproof, being fastened around the rim of the manhole in

meetings of the people called Quakers, held at Philadelphia, aforesaid, according to the good order used among them and having consent of parents, their said proposals are allowed of by the said meeting. Now these are to certify whom it may concern that for the full accom-plishing their said intentions this thirty-first day of the fifth month of the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and ninety-eight.
They, the said Samuel E. Howell and Mary "They, the said Samuel E. Howell and Mary Whitlock Dawes, appeared in public meeting of said people of Philadelphia aforesaid, the said Samuel E. Howell taking the said Mary Whitlock Dawes by the hand did on this solemn occasion openly declare that he took her, the said Mary Whitlock Dawes, to be his wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until death anould senarate them. her a faithful and affectionate husband until death should separate them. And then in the same assembly the same Mary Whitlock Dawes did in like manner declare that she took him, the said Samuel E. Howell, to be her hus-band, promising with divine assistance to be unto him a faithful and affectionate be unto him a faithful and affectionate wife until death should separate them. And, moreover, the said Samuel E. Howell and Mary Whitlock Dawes (she according to the custom of marriage assuming the name of her husband) did, as a further confirmation thereof, then and there to these presents set their hands. And we whose names are thereunto also subscribed being present at the solemniza-tion of the said marriage and subscription

have as witnesses thereof set our hand and year above written." Then follow the names of the witn

columns, the men's names being first and the women's next, in separate columns.

The arrest in Montague street last week of man who was playing the amateur detective with false whiskers has incited one of the force to tell a little story that never was made public. Two or three years ago a steady-going mercantile man of social position and some worldly possessions in the twentieth ward became an possessions in the twentieth ward became annoyed by a woman who followed him every night he ventured away from home. She was always dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick crape veil which concealed her face. No matter where he went he found the woman shadowing his footsteps, but always at a distance of several yards in the rear or across the street. If he took refuge in an elevated train she would usually manage to squeeze into the car closs yards in the rear or across the street. If he took refuge in an elevated train she would usually manage to squeeze into the car close behind or ahead of the one he entered. At last he began to dread the woman in black every night when he went outdoors; and after leaving his house he often stood on a neighboring corner and waited in dread for her to appear. It made no difference what sort of weather might be on hand the woman in black got there all the same. And the annoyance went on for a mouth or more before the man spoke of it to a detective and saked for advice. Then a detective was employed to shadow the woman. The climax came the second night, and proved a surprise to all concerned. It had been arranged by the detective that the man should walk slowly down Lafayette avenue and draw the woman on after him. The detective himself followed her. When the man came to the corner just where there is a grocery store and a good deal of light shed on the sidewalk, he paused, as if hesitating whether he would enter, and she turned around and pretended to be searching for a street number. Without further hesitation the man walked rapidly toward her, and at the same time the detective came up from the opposite direction. "Officer," said the man savagely, "arrest that woman. I have a complaint to make against her." The women made a jump for the street and tried to escape, but they held her. Then she screeched and pulled the black veil from her face. She was the man's wife. Not an hour before he had left her at home in the most amiable mood.

QUEER BOATS FOR SAVAGES. Canoes Made Out of Logs and Skins by the

TO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD ARE MORE dependent upon boats than are the natives of southeast Alaska. They live in a region where the coast line is broken into many channels, straits and harbors by the numerous islands of the Sitkan archipelago. The land offers little to reward the skill or perseverance of the hunter and supplies of food and other ecessaries must be drawn from the sea. Accordingly the one thing of joy, of delight and of infinite use to the inhabitant of that part of the world is a canoe. Existence, indeed, would be a sad problem for him were it not for this have a method of remembering things which adjunct of his own creation. Upon its con- I don't want to forget, but the trouble is that struction he lavishes the best of his thought, the height of his manual skill and his tireless patience. The result is the fashioning from a single log of a little vessel which challenges admiration for its fine outline its fine outline. miration for its fine outline, its seaworthiness

and its strength. So says a report about to be issued by the United States fish commission written by Capt. J. W. Collins. The author goes on to remark that the Indians of the Sitkan region, in modeling their canoes, have apparently by intuition solved successfully the difficult problem of least resistance, buoyancy and requisite stability—qualities essentially necessary in a working boat, but the proper combination of which has often put to the severest test the constructive skill of the most experienced white man. All the tribes of that re-

gion use dugout canoes, the size of which varies from ten feet to more than thirty feet in length. The usual length of a fishing canoe is from fifteen to twenty feet. A species of pine is utilized to a large extent in the manufacture of such craft. The wood is light, durable and worked very readily. Unfortunately it is apt to split. This constitutes the native's chief anxiety. He keeps his boat covered with mats and brush whenever it is hauled out of water in order to avoid such a misfortune.

Before the introduction of iron tools the making of a canoe was a work of enormous

difficulty. The hatchets used were of stone and the chisels were of mussel shells ground to a harp edge. It required much time and labor to cut down a large tree for the purpose, and it was only the chiefs, with a number of slaves at their disposal, who attempted such operations. Their method was to gather round a tree as many as could work and these chipped away with their stone hatchets until the tree was literally knawed down. Then to shape it and hol-low it out was a tedious job and many a month would intervene between the felling of the tree and the finishing of the cance. The imple-ments used at present are axes and steel chisels. Fire is employed to assist in excavating the cances. A small trangel is first due lengthwise canoes. A small trench is first dug lengthwise through the middle, and enough chips having been made for the purpose, they are kept burning at one end of the boat. When the wood at that each in the can be seen to a second to a sec that end is charred enough to make the work ing of it comparatively easy the fire is trans-ferred to the opposite end and the workman proceeds to excavate the part that has been burned. This process is repeated over and again until the bulk of the interior wood has been removed. It would not be safe to use fire too long, for in the last stages of the work the craft might be ruined by being burned

through.

The final process in the forming of the little ressel consists in spreading out its sides, so that it may be made wide enough to insure the necessary stability. For this purpose the canoe is steamed by filling it one-third full of water and then putting hot stones into the water, the canoe being covered with cedar mats to prevent the escape of the steam. When this pro-cess has been continued long enough the gunwales are forced apart and thwart sticks are inserted to hold them in proper position. After this the boat is painted or otherwise ornamented. The great war canoes formerly made, and the grateful remembrance and appreciation of his sovereign. In August, 1870, a Germany

timber or bark is difficult or impossible to get, around him, and he was scarcely expected to To provide material for them the native hunter relies upon the seal, the sea lion and the wal-rus. Many patterns of such craft are utilized in the fisheries pursued among the Alcutian Islands and elsewhere on the Alaskan coast. ployed by the men, and a heavier and safer woman's boat, known as the "oomiak," and used for transporting females and freight.

To build a kaiak marks an important point in

as he is able to construct one, no longer ob-serves any family ties, but goes where his fancy takes him, frequently roaming about in his boat for thousands of miles before he takes a notion to marry, to excavate a miserable dwelling and to settle down for a time. The the names of prominent persons, and the occasion must have been a notable one.

The wording of the certificate is in the quaint Quaker style, and states that "whereas Samuel E. Howell of the city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, merchant, son of Samuel and Margarett Howell of Taconey in the county of Philadelphia, aforesaid, and Mary Whitlock Dawes having declared their intention of marriage with each other before several monthly meetings of the people called Quakers, held at Philadelphia, aforesaid.

a spear or harpoon.

The frame of a kaiak is composed of light pieces of driftwood and small withes, which are firmly lashed together with sinews, so as to rattan was used to some extent for the purpose, this light and elastic material being obtained through traders. Once made the frame is covered with the untanned skins of sea lions, which have been freed from hair. These hides which have been freed from hair. These hides are drawn over the skeleton of the boat, deftly sewed, and properly secured in place while they are wet and pliable. The entire boat, top and all, is covered, except the manhole or manholes. When the skins dry they contract so as to bind the frame firmly and are at all tas the paralyses of several tasts. as taut as the parchment of a well-strung bass drum. Then the native smears the hole over with thick seal oil, which keeps the water out of the pores of the skin for a long period.

From the New York Times.

Quite an embarrassing incident occurred at a shionable reception up town the other day. It was awkward, very, both for the guest and for the young man, the son of the house. The guest was a stranger, not only to all the others who had been invited, but to all the members of the family but one. He was not a particularly prepossessing-looking man, and this accounted in some degree for the awkward mistake that followed. The guest was shown to the drawing room by a savant and when he had been some than the control of the savant and when the savant and s dressing room by a servant, and when he came down he met the son of the hostess at the reception room door.
"Can you tell me," said he, "where Mrs.
Blank is?"

The young man looked at his questioner, and

waiters sent by the caterer. Inch he said, very abruptly: "You can't see her now. She is busy."

The strange young man looked rather surprised at the reception his request had met, and knowing that he would be made welcome should he ever reach the hostess, remarked: "I would like very much to see Mrs. Biank."

The young man of the house did not even then grasp the situation, but was rather annoyed at the persistency of the supposed waiter, and said, very impatiently: "I told you you couldn't see her. She is busy now and can't be bothered. Go right back," he continued, pointing the way to the back stairs, "and go down stairs. They want you down there."

The stranger stood in an embarrassed way looking at young Mr. Blank, who by this time was getting very impatient and was preparing to say, "I wish you would conduct me to the hostess. I would like to pay my respects to her."

Then young Mr. Blank realized his mistake, and in all eagerness to rectify it and not to let the great know he had been mistake, and fire at the monster. Her bravery was gun and fire at the monster. hostess. I would like to pay my respects to her."

Then young Mr. Blank realized his mistake, and in all eagerness to rectify it and not to let the guest know he had been mistaken for a waiter, blurted out, "Ah, oh, why yes, certainly, I would be delighted," and taking the stranger by the arm, he led him to where the hostess was receiving.

There the young man was recognized and cordially welcomed. The son of the house, however, told the joke on himself, and feels bad when he thinks how he mistook a friend of his family for one of the waiters.

his family for one of the waiters.

From Electricity.

Kirchoff, in his paper, "Motion of Electricity in Wires," first showed in 1857 that, under certain conditions, electricity moves in a thin

A MEMORY SPUR THAT PAILS One Man Transfers His Ring-Ano pends on a Note Be

from the New York Tribune "I hope you won't forget that," said one friend to another, referring to a commis which the second was to execute. "Oh, no," said the other; "don't have an fear about it."

"Well," remarked No. 1, "I thought the would be no barm in a gentle reminder." "But a memorandum is better than a re minder," answered No. 2, with a smile. "Oh, that's all right," said No. 1. "I gues

it doesn't always work." "What is that?" inquired No. 2.

that is a good habit. Now, do you know that I

hand.

A nod was the answer.

"Well, you see, I habitually wear it on my left hand, but when there is any special thing that I wish to remember—sa, for instance, some errand that my wife has asked me to do on my way down town—it is my custom to take the ring off and put it on the corresponding finger of the other hand. Now, doesn't that strike you as an exceedingly simple method of strike you as an exceedingly simple method of bracing and fortifying one's memory? I used to think so. I don't now as much as I did. For oftentimes now I have a whole world of trouble in trying to remember what it is that I want to remember. It isn't always that way, but it sometimes. Of course the unaccustomed feeling of the ring on the wrong finger reminds methat there is something on my mind and so con that there is something on my mind, and so consome occasions the burden becomes positively heavy. I have worn that ring on my right hand for two or three days at a time, now and then, vexing my brain all the time to find what I may perhaps term the mininter like.

then, vexing my brain all the time to find what I may perhaps term the missing link. It's no fun, I assure you."

"Your experience is very interesting." sald No. 2. "I have never adopted any such method as you describe, though I often consider myself biessed—or the other thing—with what Mr. Beecher used to call a 'good forgettery.' The only safe rule with me is to make a note of what I wish to keep in mind, and then as I treament. only safe rule with me is to make a note of what I wish to keep in mind, and then as I frequently refer to my note book I usually manage to got along without any bad blunders. I never had much faith in the methods of improving the memory which various professors give instructions in, though, not having actually tried them. I may not do them full justice. The fact if that my memory used to be a good deal better than it is now. When I was in college I had an Al memory. It was the wonder of all my classmates. I took more prizes than anybody else had ever done up to that time, largely because I could cram easily and remember all that the books contained. Then, when I went into the prize examinations it was easy work for me to write out the answers to all the questions. But my business after leaving college has hear any chest that the the that it is the state out the answers to all the questions. the questions. But my business after leaving college has been such that it has been necessary college has been such that it has been necessary
for me each day to deal with an entirely new
set of facts and a large number of them. Each
day's accumulation was shoved aside by the
following day's and thus the mind, or the memory, if you please, lost its grip, as it were. An
this went on for years my memory became permanently impaired and I have no hope of ever
recovering it. It is only important matter recovering it. It is only important matter that I can now keep in mind or else matters that have a special personal interest. For de-tails I have no capacity of retention for more than a few days, and, as I said, when there is any special thing that I must attend to outside

The Rose of Garre. From the Manchester Examiner.

The story of the "Red Ross of Gorza,"

which were sometimes as much as sixty feet in length, are no longer built. One of them is exhibited at the National Museum.

man officer was lying wounded in the house of a French family, near the little town of Gorze, in Lorraine. He had received six wounds in in Lorraine. lie had received six wounds in In the cold regions of the far north, where lay on the ground, while the fight surged around him, and he was scarcely expected to recover. The French family in whose house he was quartered nursed their wounded enemy with much kindness and skill. One morning the officer found placed in a glass by his bedside a beautiful red rose, just opening, which the daughter of the house had brought in from Mostly they are of two types—the "kaiak," em-

quired the name of the Carlot Zedwitz, seventy-second regiment of when Capt. von Zedwitz was sufficiently re-covered to be removed to Berlin he found that his red rose had become quite famous, for showers of roses—red roses—were sent to him from all sides, so that his rooms were full of them. In March of the next year, six months after the original rose had faded. Zedwitz had occasion to ask an audience of the emperor-king. He was received most graciously, and as the emperor's request told the story of the bab-tle of Mars-la-Tour. Then, to Capt. Zedwitz's surprise, the emperor spoke of the rose which had been sent to him at Gorze and again thanked the officer for it. As Zedwitz was thanked the officer for it. As Zedwitz was leaving the emperor he met the crown prince, who in his conversation also recalled the rese with a smile. Even then Capt. von Zedwitz had not heard the last of his famous rose, for on the following Christmas he had the pleasure of receiving an autograph letter from the emperor inclosing an emblematical picture—astone bearing the date August 19, 1870, Gorze, partly covered by the tricolor of the confederation, a Prussian infantry helmet with oak wreath below and the iron cross with ribbon. A rose in

low and the iron cross with ribbon. A rose in dull silver was introduced in the gold frame.

If it were not that by far the larger numb of the men distinguished for birth, states at a comparatively early age we might be in clined to think that the capacity they displayed for hard drinking showed a greater toughness of constitution than their descendants possess Pope's friend, Lord Bathurst, who, as Storag said, was a prodigy at eighty-five, and had all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty, was an exception to the almost universal rule, was an exception to the almost universal rule, and his vitality was not due to great abstemiousness, if we may credit the tale, which is also due to Sterne, that when about eighty-nine, years of age, "having some friends with him at his country seat, and being loth to part wish them one night, his son, the lord chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer and left the room. As soon as he was gone the lively old Peer said: "Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman is gone to bed I think we may venture to crack another bottle."

Dr. Johnson remembered the time "when all the decent people in Lichtield got drunk every night," and he said that before his days of total abstinence he had drunk three bottles of pore

om the tree at the first res